UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST

And Chronicle

GEORGE R. GRAHAM & CO. PUBLISHERS,

NUMBER NINETY-EIGHT CHESNUT STREET.

TWO DOLLARS A-YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS: DEVOTED TO GENERAL NEWS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, MORALITY, AGRICULTURE AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXII. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1842. WHOLE NO. 1101.

Original Poetry.

THE LAST APPEAL.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST.

Hath thy heart no answering feelings
Peerless maid of Judah's line,
And thy dark eyes bright revealings,
Light alone for thingy divine?

Thou hast turn'd from wealth and station,
Thou hast sacrificed thy future love,
Clinging in thy prouder nature,
To the high religion of thy love.

Thou hast seen my deep devotion,
Yet rejected every vow,
Free thine eye from all emotion,
Changeless lip and regal brow.

Once, oh well I know 'twas maidenly,
Yet methought the red lip's curve
Trembled, and the dark eyes sadness
Almost answered to my own.

Can't a lot thus mix and be uniting
With the spirit's fondest dream,
And on you thy sight are uniting
Though as pantomimes you seem?

Smile is scorn the thought disdaining,
God, a pang within me feel
Every feeling at thy shrine,
Wealth, ambition, all were positive'd,
Life, if it would enter there more.

Yet in spirit of all thy coldness
Dropping not one kindly tone
Calling woman's pastor boldness,
Thou art loved and loved alone

Loved in silence still I love there,
Still my spirit owns the spell,
Still I own there's none above thee
But forever fare thee well

H. A. H.

Original Novel.

HERBERT TRACY; OR, The Legend of the Black Rangers,

CONTINUED.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST.

BY G. LIPPARD, ESQ., AUTHOR OF "PHILIPPE DE MARMONT, &c. &c."

CHAPTER VIII.—THE TUMULT.

When Herbert Tracy flung himself upon the steed of the British Colonel, and planting his spurs into the sides of the charging animal, forced him to the top of the steep and winding road that led around the precipice, a thousand feelings rushed through his mind, and a bold thought of desperate daring, contained his brain, but amid all the contending feelings and opposing thoughts, one idea was uppermost in his mind, a steady, firm and unalterable resolve to bear his betrothed away to some outer of safety, and a desperate purpose to part with his life, ere the villain should bear her from his sight. Love and honor, should be torn from his embrace, by the rude hands of those who had, so mockingly, toyed with her plighted vows.

Winding his arm yet closer around the waist of Marian, he dashed down the narrow path, plunged into the Woodshire, and one thought alone, seemed to sank, gained the rocky road, which pursued its irregular course along the banks of the stream. At the foot of the road with the speed of the wind, the fresh and breezy night air, fanning the pallid cheek of the maiden, awoke her to consciousness, and Herbert felt the faint beating of the heart, which pressed to the hand which held her to his side.

She opened her beaming blue eyes, and as the wonder of youth and love once again glowed on her dazzling cheek, the cast a hurried glance around, as though she would recognize the scene. That moment, as the moonlight, and sinking her head upon his manly breast, she found relief from the tumult of opposing thoughts in a flood of tears.

Herbert gazed upon her fair face, with so tender faith ushered to the sky, and if ever, during his wild and dreamy life he felt how soul swell with the feeling of intense happiness, and every nerve thrill with delight, it was at that moment, when her full and luxurious form was pressed against his own, and her lips, soft and hallowed love, so full of all the trustfulness of woman's passion, and beaming with that winning confidence, unmodified by mistrust or doubt, which the villest of mankind would hesitate to wrong or betray.

The sounds of pursuit broke upon the air. Herbert had attained the point, where the Paper Mills cast a lengthened shadow over the stream, and a quarter of a mile lay before him, ere he could reach Hutchinson's Mill. It was his purpose, to avoid his pursuers, to seek the farm house of the Quaker, Josh Pusley, place his fair charge in the care of his wife, and to pass the British lines by the bed of the Woodshire, and reach the Haunted House by midnight. Marian—thought Herbert—might remain concealed at the farm house, with entire safety, until the coming day, when the fate of battle would enable him to place her in a situation of greater security.

The sounds of pursuit, the echoing of the horses' hoofs, and the shouts of the pursuers broke loudly and nearer upon the ears of the pair, and sinking the vassals into the flanks of his steed, Herbert gave him free rein, and in an instant he dashed along the road, with the maiden's head in front of the hood upon the and, which betokened the utmost stretch of his speed put to the test.

A hundred yards lay between Herbert and Isterbrouse's Mill, and a hundred yards behind his pursuers came thundering along the road. The report of a pistol broke upon the air, and a bullet whistled by Herbert's ear, at the same moment that the voice of his father, urging the pursuit, rose high above all other sounds.

"I will foil them yet!" Herbert muttered between his teeth, as he removed the cover of the pistol from which a bullet to see the priming—"there is Rittenhouse's Mill—the horses' hoofs now grow down, and the night is dark—now God help me!"

As the exclamation rose upon his lips, the sounds of horses' hoofs which rose in his rear, were echoed by another sound, that gave an air of terror to the night, and the crashing of broadsword and the rustling of breathen, gave Herbert warning, that his escape was out of his power.

The voice came. The Mill was reached, the party on the opposite side came thundering through the woods, and the name of Major Tracy was heard in tenner and yet more near; when, reining his steed up against a small and perpendicular rock which rose from the road, and was among a mass of broken, but loosened his feet from the stirrups, and gathering his arm around the waist of Marian, with a firmer embrace, sprang from his horse, on to the rock, and the shelter of the contiguous shrubbery, and as he opened, the affrighted horse bounded forward, dashed through the stream, swept up the road that traversed the opposite hill, and with the speed of a ball, driven from the bow, disappeared in the shade of the wood.

As he disappeared, the party of Col. Musgrave emerged from the woods on the opposite bank into the stream, and almost the very same instant Major Tracy with his men, rushed along with the speed of lightning, within an arm's reach of the spot upon which Herbert stood, and passing between the rock and the Mill, dashed into the Woodshire, and on he was aware, confronted the colonel and his company in mid-stream.

"Which way went the fugitives?" shouted Col. Musgrave.

"By you not hear the horses' hoofs upon the hill?" replied the stern and commanding voice of Major Tracy—"away! away! We trifle—we lose time! away!"

"We'll have them now by ——" exclaimed the voice of Lieutenant Wellwood. "They cannot be more than fifty yards ahead! Now he's my men!"

And with one sweet the pursuers joined their forces and galloping up the opposite bank of the stream in the direction taken by the steed which Herbert had, at the moment, driven from the side of the shades of the forest, and the echoing of their horses' hoofs, began to grow fainter on the air.

Herbert had well calculated his address and dexterity, combined with his intimate acquaintance with the spot, when he took the sudden leap from the saddle on to the rock, among the surrounding trees of wood. In his youthful rambles near the Mill, he had discovered a path, perhaps worn by the feet of Indians, an age before, winding along the rocks, the heights and recesses of the hills forming the eastern bank of the stream. The entrance to this path, within a few feet of the Mill, was hidden by the branches of the trees mingling with the light shrubbery, that grew upon the perpendicular rocks, separating the two banks of the stream. Unnoticed by a pertit, the memory of the rock and the secret path flashed upon his mind, and in an instant, he availed himself of the momentary, and eluded pursuit in the very crisis of the chase.

As the sounds of the pursuing party rose nearest, and almost died away in the distance to the east of the leaves, Herbert gave Marian the support of his arm, and they threaded their way along the winding path through the woods, until they emerged upon the meadow sloping from farmer Pusley's house, down to the Woodshire. Approaching the house, which they found they had been preceded by Harry Heft and his friend Dennis, who it seems had succeeded in persuading the Quaker to receive the betrothed of Herbert, under the shelter of his roof, for a few days until the fortune of war might enable the lovers to take the latter forward danger of pursuit. After he had seen Marian safe under the peaceful roof, and attended by the care of the young Quakeress, Herbert departed from the farm house, with a promise to return at the earliest moment, that might afford an opportunity. Dennis and Harry proceeded to take their way to the Woodshire on their return to the American lines, in another direction from that taken by Herbert, who passed no instant on the banks of the stream, but crossed his arms upon the recesses of his woods, and as he looked back upon the quiet home of the Quaker farmer sleeping in the starlight, a fearful presentiment crossed his mind, that he should never gaze upon his betrothed again—that some dire and baleful calamity was hovering over their pathway, and that the peaceful and overwhelming joy that had now gathering blackness upon the horizon of their sky, and would suddenly burst over their heads, and crush every fragment of their fair and bright hope of their existence under its blighting influence.

"Come what will"—said Herbert, in a voice that was uttered in the depths of his soul—"come what will, my resolve is taken. My hand and sword shall be raised, first in defence of the holy rights of Marian, and then in defence of the rights and liberties of my country. Both may come, and the same hand—the same sword shall be met with home!"

CHAPTER IX.—THE COUNCIL.

The hills and vales of the Woodshire slept in the stillness of midnight, when a solitary horseman roused the echoes of the forest trees, near the Haunted House, and taking his way across an intervening field, presently erased in his steed along the front of the cantonment.

It was a small, one storied building, marked by a style of architecture which mingled the steep gable-roofed roof of a cottage, with the pointed arch of the windows of the Gothic order; while the eyes of the sentries were busy with curses, the wonder of the centuries of the country, as well as the mystery of the manor, whose words of burning eloquence, were in future years, to fall like oracles on the ears of the Woodshire.

Washington, ever and anon, would incline his head to Lieutenant Colonel Hamilton, and listen to the suggestions of his aid, and then, with a gesture of order men might have been read, or inside his opinion with an eagerness that showed how strong a hold the young soldier had attained in the heart of his commander. Little did the father of his country think of the future fate of the opposing soldier! Little did he imagine that the sword worn by his side, would survive the perils of war, to die after the quiet trade of peace had succeeded to the clash of battle, and that it would be the fruit of a participation in the scenes of political conflict!

The council lasted until an hour after midnight, when the plan of operations for the succeeding day being resolved upon, the various officers retired to their respective commands, and the sentries were left to the lateness of the hour might allow, and to make such arrangements for the coming conflict as might lend to the success of the American arms.

And under the broad canopy of Heaven, stretching from the dews and damps of the night air by covering it with a light cloak, Washington, with his head upon his hands, and his heavy grave of the battle-field—men as one will be deceased—many a hand stiffened and many an eye extinguished—but come success of some kind for the will remain the same bewildering destiny, ere my head shall rest upon the cold clod, heavy with the light wings of a father's curse!"

CHAPTER X.—THE BATTLE MORN.

The morning of Saturday, the 6th of October, 1777, dawned slowly and lovingly; and the sky was obscured by dimly defined masses of clouds and mist, that collected in the pathway of the sun, but which, like one vast shroud, along the dome of heaven, enveloping hill, and plain, and stream, in the density of its folds.

Objects were not discernible, at more than fifty paces, and not unfrequently, the loud cry of the soldiers who were on the march, ceased to be heard by the troops, opposing embrasures, brushwood or trees, not more than twenty paces in front.

At the first glimmering of dawn began to steal over the landscape, the American army commenced their march, unmarked by the roll of drum or the peal of trumpet. The only sounds that broke upon the silence of the atmosphere were the monotonous tread of men and horses, shaking the earth, like the low murmuring of distant thunder, and ever and anon the words of command, uttered in a suppressed tone of voice, passed along the lines; and the sullen rumbling of the artillery wheels, as the shrill twigh of the bridal war-horse, and the thousand half subdued noises that accompany the movements of a large body of troops, were all the tokens that served to warn the surrounding farmers and peasants to flee from the scene of the approaching conflict.

At the head of the central body, with Wayne on one side and Sullivan on the other, rode the Man of the Army, his tall form towering yet more lofty, as it loomed through the mist, and his face impressed with an expression of solemn determination, as he gave to his various aids-de-camp the orders of the day, the directions regarding the march, or as he imparted further instructions in relation to the attack and surprise.

The grey and prolonged murmur and dull appearance and bustle, that was heard to the right and left of the central body, served to show that the divisions of Greene and Stephens, and of Lord Stirling, flanked by McDougall's brigade, were moving along the Lincoln Road, and two miles eastward from Chew's House, and Mount Airy, the enemy's right wing. The militia of Maryland and New Jersey, under command of General Smallwood and Forman, will march down the Old York Road, which lies three miles to the east of the line. Lincoln's division, and that of the right wing. General Armstrong's Pennsylvania brigade, will attack the enemy's left at Vandering's Mill, at the junction of the Wissahickon with the Schuylkill. Think you, Captain Tracy, that we shall be able to surprise the enemy?"

"I think the movement might be effected with care and celerity, your Excellency."

"Ah!" exclaimed Lafayette over the noble brow of the Commander-in-chief, and he leaned his head unwisely upon his hand for an instant.

"Gentlemen," he exclaimed after the pause of a moment, "I need not tell you that everything depends upon the suddenness and secrecy of our movements. If we surprise the enemy, we may drive him from our bosom, our country's independence, and terminate this disastrous war; if the enemy are on the alert, and they thwart us in the least degree, we may lose the superior discipline of his troops will triumph over the irregular horses and undisciplined courage of a great portion of the militia. Which I have the honor to command. What think ye gentlemen?"

And as each hardy veteran or brave engineer gave his opinion, the scene assumed an appearance of interest, which told the deep and fixed determination of the American commanders, never to lay down the sword, which they had so gallantly unsheathed for the independence of their common country was achieved.

The glaring light of the lamps, placed in the centre of the rudest table, cast a ruddy glow upon the faces and forms that clustered round the Commander-in-chief, and left the rest in gloom and yet so full of the varied shades of expression, which tells of a mind formed to rule, was shown in the boldest light and deepest shade, as the lamps flung their rays on the countenance of the speaker, or left it in gloom to another, to receive their opinions and suggestions on the coming conduct. There was the towering form and bold and manly countenance of Wayne, whose sword-thrust never failed, and whose charge mowed the enemy's ranks, like the scythings of an earth-crop; there was the gallant Knox, with his bluff, honest visage, every line bearing good humor, and dignified by an expression of determined courage; and there was the sagacious Greene, whose counsels were as full of wisdom as his sword was sure, and his mind their self-possessed as his arm was strong; and there was the stalwart round the man upon whose shoulders beamed had placed the destiny of his country, and whose eye was ever on the alert, whether in the shape of a new movement—and now that I think of it, there is a lewd outfit from it toward the Rangers—and now the fire burst, and the flame of energy glowed. On all other sides it is circumvented by a semi-circular woods, and it strikes me, them strangers whatever they be, must be a kind of fighter to go in the lap of the hollow. By the Continental Congress, what's that?"

The last sound that attracted Harry's attention, was the quick and sudden issue of horses' hoofs, mingled with vindictive shouts, as though their riders were in pursuit of some one or more. Nearer and nearer the sounds of pursuit drew, and Harry was about to step the impulse of the moment and rush down into the valley, when the gates of the Mill were flung open in the air, and the concussion filled the fog for some fifty paces below the spot where stood the gallant Ranger. A pause of a single moment followed, during which certain, Harry beheld a sight that sent the blood, in one wild, warm current, to his heart.

There was a female form, that beheld two soldiers in the crimson uniform of British troopers, mounted on steed, fleet horses, galloping up the hill at the top of their speed, and the latter of which, gave forth promise of the coming conflict, and while the gallant Knox, with his bluff, honest visage, every line bearing good humor, and dignified by an expression of determined courage; and there was the sagacious Greene, whose counsels were as full of wisdom as his sword was sure, and his mind their self-possessed as his arm was strong; and there was the stalwart round the man upon whose shoulders beamed had placed the destiny of his country, and whose eye was ever on the alert, whether in the shape of a new movement—and now that I think of it, there is a lewd outfit from it toward the Rangers—and now the fire burst, and the flame of energy glowed. On all other sides it is circumvented by a semi-circular woods, and it strikes me, them strangers whatever they be, must be a kind of fighter to go in the lap of the hollow. By the Continental Congress, what's that?"

The last sound that attracted Harry's attention, was the quick and sudden issue of horses' hoofs, mingled with vindictive shouts, as though their riders were in pursuit of some one or more. Nearer and nearer the sounds of pursuit drew, and Harry was about to step the impulse of the moment and rush down into the valley, when the gates of the Mill were flung open in the air, and the concussion filled the fog for some fifty paces below the spot where stood the gallant Ranger.

Gertrude, the only daughter of the Count of Vermaine, was the idol of his heart; and her charms the burden of his songs. But his was not merely that romantic attachment, which prompted the son of chivalry to do battle in the name of his lady-love, or inspire a moment to the charms of his mistress. The spell of her dark, luminant eye had fired his imagination; the symmetry of her voluptuous form had caused the spell of gallantry in his bosom; but the more lovely and substantial qualities of her heart had created in him the more enduring sentiments of Love. The former excited the ardor of the knight; the latter won for her the affections of the man.

But the trump of war again summoned him from his retirement, and he had resolved to exchange the pleasures of her society for the perils of the battle-field. The sufferings of the pilgrims had roused the spirit of chivalry, and laying aside their domestic habits, the chiefs of Christendom rallied around the standard of the cross, resolved to rescue the sepulchre of Christ from the hands of the infidels. The devotion who had visited the shrines of Jerusalem upon their return, told to their enlightened brethren the story of their sufferings, and Christian warriors throughout Europe, were fired with the desire to rescue the Savior's triumphs and cottons were desecrated by the unbelieving Turks, and the altars of the holy city contaminated with the blood of the Pilgrims. Every hill and valley of Europe overflowed with the sounds of warlike preparation; every castle sent forth its troop of retainers under the command of its chief, and in a short time an hundred thousand men were ready to follow the banner of the cross to the gates of Jerusalem.

Among the brave knights who enlisted under the banner of the cross, was Count Vermaine, and with the bravest. His chivalrous deeds had already won for him no variable reputation, and he now buckled on the armor of the Count of Auvergne, confident of winning the wreath of earthly fame if successful, and a crown of glorious martyrdom if he should fall in the conflict.

It was at the close of a delightful day when Robert, of Normandy, followed by a magnificent retinue, left the gates of the Count of Auvergne, and was welcomed by the Count with unfeigned joy. That evening was one of mirth and magnificence, of profusion of noble luxury attended the liberality of the host; and the revelry that reigned throughout the spacious halls showed that his hospitality was appreciated by his guest.

But there was one of that gallant troop for whom the banquet had no charms; the dance no pleasure; the full burst of music, no gratification. That one was Gertrude, the daughter of the Count of Vermaine. All the night she had been seated in the bower where he had often enjoyed the society of her father's friend, and expressed the feelings of the stranger and the lover in

THE SONG OF THE TROUBADOR.

The hand of time, oh, lady fair,
Now may lyre no more,
By the weeping lakelets bear
To Syria's sacred shore.
A pilgrim bend to the Holy Land
My wand and weary way,
For not here ceases that to which
Beyond time Minstrel's sway.

We leave the land of a warrior sky—
We dare a cruel foe—
Accustom'd we'll win, or die
In loathsomeness below.
But though my life in the sacred strife
Is joyously shall be,
Yet from my heart shall ne'er depart
The love I bear to thee.

It can't depart in the land of song
Nor here,
We shall safely guide
Its fifty lines, I'll count again.
Ans chase thee for my bride—
Ans chase thee for my bride.
And when thou for my bride,
And when thou for my bride,
Shall cease to be my bride.

On the morning succeeding, the day dawned upon the lovely a landscape as ever contrasted the dew-drops in glisten in the sunbeams, or opened its flowers to the fresh breath of morning. With the morning glories of dance lowered, a long train of horsemen issued from the gate of the castle. The car resounded with confused sounds of martial music; and among a knight turned an admiring look to the balcony, where bright eyes and waving curls were bidding them a more last farewell.

"What a shocking adjuration," rejoined Sir Indy, "I declared, too, by a three-storied house, and not being so adjured, I must thank to the best of my ability. And now, seriously and soberly, I don't care to be enlisted—I do all that I have any occasion to do by any body. You know that we have scruples to the every thing that is necessary about the house, or there is no occasion for me making any display of housewifely excellence. And I want no master in she has a headache, and hand pupa his slippers and newspaper, and find uncle John's spectacles for him twenty times a day, (no small matter that,) and then——"

"But after all, what is the object and purpose of your life?"

"Why—I haven't any. I don't see how I can have any—except, as I am made. Now, you know I've some of the fawning, baby-tending, heebie-making to understand—I say Sally, and down comes of the class commonly called useful. Indeed, to the truth, I think useful persons are commonly rather dull. They are just like the utensils of household and rankings, very necessary to be raised in them, but not in the least ornamental."

"And you charming young ladies who philosophize as old sages—and French dressers, are the vestiges and roses—were charming, and delightful, and ornamental—what more than this as expected of us?"

"Well, parlor ornaments are good in their way," said the young lady, coloring, and looking a little vexed. "But we don't like to be put down, don't we, Edward, man, "that you guis are good for—just to amuse ourselves, amuse others, look pretty and be agreeable." "All! Our opinion, we believe we are not quite, and are sensible in the family—I don't know—and yet," "Ah, Sir Indy, sighing, "I have often had a sort of vague idea of something higher that we might become and might—what more than this as expected of us?" what else can we do?"

"I can't to read, in old fashioned novels, about ladies visiting the sick and the poor," replied Edward. "I was reading in Search of a Wife yesterday."

"Yes, truly; that is to say, I remember the story part of it, and the love scenes; but as for all those grave sermons, in the very moment of being read, and nobody knows who else, I skipped those of course. I'm sure I've something and heeding the poor, and all that seems very well in a story, where the lady goes watched for the first time, and her love and her gentleness; and supplied his wants with a sister's care. Gratitude is natural to man; and we believe there are few so degraded as to be insensible to kindness. Who then will wonder if the heart of the stranger was won with the goodness of the fair benefactor; and who will condemn him if, when returning health permitted him to use his favorite guitar, he let thus addressed the stranger who had saved his life.

Oh! maiden fair, the tender care
Has won my grateful heart;
And if on wildly, he hovers, I swear,
That we no more shall part.

He was about to proceed, but was interrupted by an attendant.

"Tractor," cried she, throwing aside the veil with which according to the custom of the east he had been concealed, and revealing the beautiful features of his affianced Gertrude—"Traitor! have you forgotten your former vows?"

The guitar dropped from the hands of the astonished knight, and he knelt at the feet of his betrothed he heard her speak of his inconstancy unbelieved. Then pardon was soon pronounced. Her affected anger gave way to the feelings of tenderness which had been stifled in her breast. A kind word sealed his forgiveness, and a flood of tears told the excess of her joy.

Great was the rejoicing in the castle of Touraine The aged count seemed to have unveil all the chivalrous spirit of his youth; and summoned to his side his son-in-law, with as much enthusiasm as the youngest of his guests. And it was meet for him to rejoice; for his daughter had been restored to happiness, and Robert, for whom he had long mourned as for the dead, was now returned; and he was about to give her in marriage to Geoffrey Bernadin—He knew knight who had restored her to his arms.

Selected Articles.

TO THE ANGEL CHILD OF MOUNT AUBURN.

BY ISAAC J. SHEPARD.

As you enter the normally beautiful Mount Auburn following the right hand path, a little to the left, you is named "Tureen Path," where stands the monument to the memory of Mary Ellen Elliott. Here lies the fair form of a little daughter, as she lay in death's embrace, and here lies the child of Bereavement, Lovely Mary Deater. It has been justly called the enchantment of the heart, and it is the sacred resting place of the dead from the fact that it the Tenant full length ever can be found in the cemetery. Indeed, it is the only one. It was after looking at it for the fiftieth time that the author composed the following lines:

Number on, number on, thou beautiful thing!
For thy rest is painted in many a wing—
Thy sleep is hallowed by many a tear,
The chrysalis bend in the heart-watching fire,
Impressing a loss, thou dearing on high,
Commingling with heights above their pure holiness.

Sleep on, beautiful one! Though thy tones are still,
Soon beside thy young heart with a life-giving thrill,
The lips are not speaking with words from the soul
Whose echoes are waking in soul despite alone.
Sleep on, beautiful one! Though thy form is low,
Deep hid in the night of thine earth-loosing eye
Shines on, number on! The tender mother dear
Their sunflowered image to the lamenting ear,
And the pure spirit bows from the bright heaven,
And call the pure spirit away from the blest.
While sorrow-worn mourners invoke the request of love
For a sister now torn from the sympathy above.

Sleep on, beautiful one! The fall flowing leaf
Seems sadly to float on the trembling air,
Shadowing the mourning garments of white,
An angel bequeath from the kingdom of light.
Sleep on, beautiful one! Thou art more than I feel
To gaze on thy beauty and give thee a tear.
Slumber on, number on! There is beauty in death.
All life-like and true, save the bearer of the breath.
Sleep on, beautiful one! Around thee I stand,
Commencing with heaven and parents dead,
And feel there are others like thee—sisters—
Then sleep thou, oh beautiful, sleep on softly on!

THE CORAL RING;

Or, the Temperance Pledge.

BY MRS. H. E. B. STOWE.

"There is no time of life in which young girls are so thoroughly selfish as from fifteen to twenty," said Edward Ashton, deliberately, as he laid down a book which he had been perusing with a very serious face.

"Your insulting fellow!" replied a tall, brilliant looking young lady, who was lounging on an ottoman hard by, over one of Dickens's last works.

"Not fairly, Isabel," said the gentleman, with the air of one who means to provoke a discussion.

"Now, Edward, this is just one of your wholesale declarations—for nothing only to get me into a dispute with you, you know wholesale. I like it. Give your conscience, now, (if you have one,) is it not so?"

"My conscience has nothing to do with it," said Edward, seating to that sentiment, as my confession of faith," replied the gentleman, with provoking coolness.

"Pshaw—it is one of your fusty old bachelor notions, that all unmarried ladies are to be adjured, and to pass her time in so annoying a way as she can."

"Why, Isabel, you know that I am not a bachelor, and that has any serious regard for the improvement and best welfare of those with whom she is connected as a sister, or for conduct in a sister, I am sure, is a reference to it? Now, cousin, in very serious earnest, I do think that young ladies are apt to be selfish, inattentive and depth of feeling, and as much good sense, when they get all to themselves, and let them all and yet, on your conscience, can you say that you see no one way and a half of supporting her own opinions. Now, I do not pretend to interfere with your affairs, but I cannot sometimes help thinking of the same or of something of the kind, and I have sometimes thought that I would have introduced a little more into living rooms, before now, if you and such like friends would only have enabled—Christian Inquirer for 1842.

WORTH NEVER DIES.

Beautiful it is to see and understand that so much, even in this world, is worth for its own sake. The work we do unbiassed good must has done is like a vein of gold, which, when it finds ground, secretly making its general growth; it flows through ground, secretly making with other veins and tributaries, on, day it will start up in the midst of the world, and all the circumstances had made the necessary Dante. It will be of many generations. William Shakspeare, the poet, for instance, could not prosper as his "seven acres of meadow" and Milton, as his "twelve hides of arable land," and he to those a better's wands, and read attorney's letters in the midst of his "Paradise Lost," and Bacon, as his "gardens and nurseries," and Newton, as his "mathematical chair," and of so many capital of all, yet a brave man, a wise man, and yet, to avail fortune and unappreciable to death. And there were neither among the others, but they cannot Robert, with a hoard of gathering, and greatness and fiery words; and his name blossomed here by his poor father, does it not already speak, like a great elegy, like a sweet prayer to the ear of the world? Let me name the songs, and you shall make the tune." What characters, king, would not get with tuner each exceptionally. And writer, blazing, and Shakspeare, and Milton, and Bacon, and Newton, was no consequence as that William Burns "Lounge!"

Printed and published every Saturday, by GEORGE R. GRAHAM & CO. at their Office, No. 98 Chesnut street, Philadelphia.

Terms—Two Dollars a year, in advance—Three Dollars if not paid in advance.

Agents—Boston, Otis, Broaders & Co. Cornhill; New York, Scott & Co. 139 Nassau street; Baltimore, Wm. Taylor, Baltimore street; Pittsburgh, Jos. Clark, Fifth street; Cincinnati, Morgan & Sanford, Main street; Charleston, S. C. Burges & James, King street; Richmond, Va. Shepherd & Pollard, Main street; Washington City, Kirkwood & Co. Pennsylvania Avenue.

All letters and communications must be addressed to the Publishers, free of postage.

United States SATURDAY POST.

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY
GEORGE R. GRAHAM & CO.

Philadelphia:

Saturday Morning, November 5.

A CARD.

The proprietors of the Saturday Evening Post have purchased the entire establishment of the SATURDAY COURIER of this city, of Messrs. Mathias & Taylor, and also the United States newspaper, published somewhere by Messrs. Swain, Abell & Simmons. The immense subscription lists of the two concerns they propose to unite to that of the Saturday Evening Post, which will give them a weekly edition *far surpassing any establishment in the United States. The joint circulation of the periodicals issued by the subscribers will soon be over* 100,000. They can therefore offer an offset to encourage advertisers to take the advantage of the reader, and publish a cheaper paper for the quality than any other establishment. The paper will hereafter be issued under the title of the "UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST AND COURIER."

GEORGE R. GRAHAM & CO.

☞ Subscribers to either of the papers named, who are indicted, will much oblige us by bringing up the books at once, and take a fair start. We shall *cease* on the 1st of December next, and *take no further orders* from subscribers whose promptitude entitles them to the name of CASH SUBSCRIBERS.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

H. HASTINGS WELD, Esq., formerly the editor of the Brother Jonathan, and well known as one of the ablest and agreeable writers of the day, will hereafter have the entire management of the United States Saturday Post. Mr. Weld's editorial connection takes place with the next number.

The advantage of this arrangement to every reader of the paper will soon be made manifest. The publishers of the *United States Saturday Post* are determined that—every thing taste, talent, industry, capital, and enterprise can do, shall be done to keep the paper in the front rank of American *family newspapers*. We accept the following notices, as evidences of the estimation in which Mr. Weld is held, as a man, and a writer, by his contemporaries.

H. HASTINGS WELD.—There every agreeable writer, clever companion and warm hearted man, has left the editorship of the Brother Jonathan, and take charge of the United States Saturday Post of this city. We welcome him among us, and have no doubt that the readers of the Post will be delighted at the infusion of his gifted pen.—*Spirit of the Times.*

The Times, in encounter with the best mentioned, speaks our sentiments exactly. Mr. Weld was for many years connected as editor with the New York Sun, and subsequently with the Brother Jonathan, both of which papers during such connection met with enormous success. He is a talented and agreeable writer, and from his long connection as necessary for the mind as for the body—indispensable indeed—while we recognise the celebration of the inauguration and the gratification of the mind by pure polite literature as among moral duties and innocent pleasures, we protest against the disruption of the old and blood cemented ties of friendship. It works like thus—particularly by the young. We protest also against the unnecessary shock it inevitably gives to the public sensibilities, calculated as it is to blunt that moral delicacy which we trust may ever, and more hereafter than at present, be the brightest feature of our character.

One caution is plural—and we did intend to have spoken more of the class of bad light literature than we now single out Eugene Sue. Our caution is that if not as long a dance that it is better not to frighten the reader with a longer hensile than that at present. A rat made to frighten the reader, and not to bite, [illegible] with slight masterfree books, and printers overlade them with a sole regard to the gratification of that class of readers—the many—who will not pay for the real revenue; all books which find their way to the fireside, should be subjected to a general, if not to a particular censorship by the head of the family. This ensures some trouble it is true, but no education can be rendered upon a family without trouble; and the preservation of the moral purity of one's children is surely as immeasurably of more consequence than the sacrifice of a little personal ease. But censorship over the family reading is a source of pleasure. It tends to community of interest in literary pursuits, which is delightful, and supplies a fund of matter for conversation, which is also delightful, while it keeps the too common topics of shallowness and mischief under tendency.

THE BANKRUPT LAW.

We perceive, in some quarters, a discussion of the possibility of a repeal of the bankrupt law; and some of the newspapers, the Mail of New York for instance in particular, speak of it as a matter of small moment. The Journal says—

"The Bankrupt Law, we think, will be repealed. It has accomplished the immediate object for which it was passed, viz.: it has given opportunity to the thousands who were embarrassed by the disasters of 1837 to escape from their thraldom—and great numbers of them have already done it. There is still time for others, if they see fit. If they do not, it is their own fault. It cannot be expected that the law will be kept on for them on indefinite period. But little influence—comparatively, is exerted for the maintenance of the law. They who have obtained their discharges have no longer any personal motive to endure extortion—to submit to the most unconscionable usury—or to toady, or cringe, or in favor of repeal. The law has done its work—and the people will not be disposed to sacrifice better than it is repealed, whether they have actually obtained their discharges or not. The only reasons should be allowed to guard in all such cases, would be that the law had existed too long."

Now to our mind there is very little weight in the reasons which the Journal gives why the law should be repealed. If we admit that it has "accomplished the object for which it was passed," there is another objection that the opponents of the law make to it while the question of its passage was pending—and that is a serious one—that it is a law for the benefit of the unfortunate debtor, and a terrible engine of punishment, and a fruitful release of one portion of the commercial public at the expense of another—a general "repudiation" of debts. And the objection to a law which had the color of urgency were based upon the fact that it interfered between past contracts and the obligations of honesty and law, and was given precisely the character which its opponents alleged against it.

While a bankrupt law exists, men go into trade with one with their eyes open, and are fully advised of its terms upon which the collection of their debts, if they fail, depends—and they act accordingly. The law is as fair for the one party as for the other. In contracts, whereas in its operation upon those who are embarrassed under the law, and have got their discharges, it is found that it benefited one class by giving another of powers which many individuals might have chosen to retain. Laws are, in general prospective, and in advance of commercial transactions, and consequently more or less inequitable. Bankrupt law has not as yet been tried in a single instance but it therefore stand. Such considerations as expediency must decide. The question is not to be unnecessarily disturbed. We should feel, to Americans, heartily ashamed of the proof that a repeal would furnish, and it was a sort question to consider. The engagements only, that the people desired in the passage of the Bankrupt Act for history would tear it as a flame in the question that Santa Ana detests Texas, and all his hatred would not tempt him into an expedition against that country. The repeal of the law would be reprobated it. He is desirous both of confirming some turbulent spirits at a safe distance from the country, and of rendering himself popular with the people, to divert them from his own purposes. As to sending the expedition in person, it will readily be perceived that Santa Ana's absence from Mexico would be ruinous to his political fortunes; however successful he might be in Texas. An able man, Santa Anna probably is not, but probably better calculated to govern the Mexicans to their national advantage, than any other man in that country.

MOROCCO.

The difficulty between the United States and Morocco has been adjusted. A letter in the N. York Herald, dated 17 th. ship Fairfield, Cadiz, September 16, says "Minor our arrival we have learned by a steamer from Algesiras, that the Commodore arrived at Gibraltar on the 6th. and was to sail on the next day for Malaga, having *totally brought to a close the difficulty of Tangier.*

COL. JOHNSON'S VISIT.

On Monday afternoon Col. Richard M. Johnson arrived in this city, under the escort of the 1st County Regiment of Volunteers, the German Battalion, and two troops of Cavalry from Montgomery county, the whole under the command of Col. Goodhues. This was a very fine display of military, and reflected the following correspondence between the gallant old soldier: First Montgomery County Troop; First Troop of Montgomery County Cavalry; Second Troop of Cavalry from Germantown, Germon Washington Artillerists, Jackson Artillerists, National Artillerists, Jackson Guards, Germon Rifle Company, Lafayette Guards, (Rising Sun) Breckenridge Volunteers, two Companies of Germon, Washington Guards and the Germon Yagers. The procession closed with mounted citizens.

The guest rodes a fine German colored horse, donated from Germantown, and which was during the war in possession of his barouche, that he might receive and acknowledge congratulations to better advantage. The streets were crowded by the people, from the great distance he had to travel, that he could not be present, but he reached Germantown a little before two o'clock, through the hospitality of Mr. Chancellor Sid. Sidney Jones, who was the bearer of the invitation to him.

The procession passed through a number of the principal streets of the city, and at about half past five reached Sanderson's Franklin Hotel, where Col. Goodhues ordered a halt, and the troops were dismissed. Col. Johnson then made a few characteristic remarks which are thus sketched by the Inquirer:

He expressed the gratification he felt at his kind welcome by the volunteers of Philadelphia and the County. That in addition to their other engagements he had left Albany, and had travelled two hundred and fifty miles since yesterday, to be present on this occasion. He felt proud of the honor conferred on him by his fellow citizens. That during the war he was not aware that one man would have been found to have refused to be present, in defending his country against a foreign and monetary foe. In defence of their home Freemen must always prove victorious. He regretted the absence of the Speaker Banner that would proudly in his front, (pointing to the banner) he had served his country while many of the soldiers now present were carried in their mothers' arms. On one occasion he was one of 1000 Kentucky volunteers who, under the command of Gen. Hopkins, were the commander of the latter body said to his officers and men, that he expected that before the close of the war, fight as long as you can, and then surrender in a gentlemanly manner. He should ever remember of his fellow citizens. That during the war he was not aware that one man would have been found to have refused to be present, in defending his country against a foreign and monetary foe. In defence of their home Freemen must always prove victorious. He regretted the absence of the Speaker Banner that would proudly in his front, (pointing to the banner) he had served his country while many of the soldiers now present were carried in their mothers' arms. On one occasion he was one of 1000 Kentucky volunteers,

United States SATURDAY POST.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION, &c.

$3 per annum—$2 if paid in advance; $1.50 in clubs of ten or more.

Postmasters are requested to fread their letters as dreamt to us. The word "free" at mast is not a frank. Agents will please endorse their letters with their names or initials.

Other letters will not be taken from the Post-office unless the postage is paid.

Persons discontinuing early at the end of the current half year's subscription, and then only at the option of the Publisher, if desired by him.

Small Bank Notes of solvent Banks received in payment at par bills.

Agents are earnestly solicited to order such remittances, especially from the Western and Southern States, as they think proper, and will be entitled to a liberal commission. Bills of Kentucky, Ohio and Pennsylvania, will be received at par. Post Masters remit, free of postage, as allowed, and will be entitled to a commission.

Communications must always state the Post-office (county & State) at to which the paper is to be addressed.

Notices of New Works.

GRAHAM'S LADY'S AND GENTLEMEN'S MAGAZINE, for Nov. 1842.—*Philadelphia*.—Geo. R. Graham.

The number contains twelve extra pages, and has for contributors: Henry W. Longfellow, Robert Morris, The Author of "Peter Parley," Mrs. Hentz, Mrs. James Fenimore Cooper, Richard H. Dana, Mrs. Stella South, The Author of "A Marriage of Convenience," Mrs. Ellet, Frances Sargent Osgood, Mrs. Emma C. Embury, James Aldrich, Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, Charles Fenno Hoffman, H. T. Tuckerman, William Ellery Channing, and the Author of "Ossian in the Last War." The Review Department and the Editor's Table are full and interesting. The engravings are the finest we have ever seen. The first represents Gisbrecht, from a painting in Dusseldorf, "The Pet Rabbit," by Stahl, from a picture by Ferdy Wolfe, and the Latest Fashions.

Gems from the Poets.

THE MAIDEN'S LAMENT.

FROM SCHILLER

The wind sobs the forest through,
The clouds gallop o'er;
The girl stands lonely
Beside the grave alone;
The heedless ones dashing with might, with might,
And she mingles her sighs with the gloomy night.
And her eyes are not with tears;

"To dead heart is broken,
As I weep for ever,
To the Wish never more can
The heart be healed.
To her Father in Heaven may the Daughter now go!
I have known all the joys that the world can bestow—
I have lived—I have loved!"—

In vain, oh! how vainly
Flows tear upon tear!
Hearts were never waked
Dull Death's heavy ear!—
Yet I, the Colonial, who comforts will say
When the Heart in the cell of its grief pines away
For the sweet vanish'd love:

Let sear, though vainly,
Close over open wound;
Hearts were never waked
Dull Death's heavy ear
But still all the joy that the world can convey,
Shall be lent for the sweet vanish'd love gone away,
Dwells in the grief of love!

From the Magazines

FROM THE LADY'S WORLD OF FASHION FOR NOVEMBER.

SECRET LOVE.

BY ELLEN ASHTON

"Make room—agree her—ha! ha! any one who!" were the cries that rang through the crowded ball room, startling the careless loungers on, and even arresting the dancers. The scene abruptly ended, and a rush was made toward one of the windows.

"What has fainted?" asked my aunt.

"I don't know," replied a passer by.

"Come, Mrs. Hendley," said a third, hastening forward with a glass of water.

"Miss Hendley," replied my aunt, turning to me, "then I know it all. Poor, poor girl!"

"What do you mean," said I.

"Come hither into the balcony where we will be unobserved, and I will tell you."

We stepped out into the night. Calmly and beautifully was the moon smiling on high, silvering the garden trees around, and flinging her mantle of beauty in rest-less along the gravel walk; while a light wind rustling the leaves pleasantly with beauty and freshness, and it was while walking to and fro in one of the walks, that I was seated that following story:

"Amy Henley is one of the merriest of her set, and four years ago, when she was just eighteen, few could vie with her in accomplishments, personal beauty or intellect. Not to use without personal attractions, though these alone, perhaps, would never have attracted her above the crowd. She has but one fault—she is somewhat vain. The fault-could which produces this is, however, so slight that it is never betrayed except when she wishes. But it also is apparent to the re-spect, her richly stored mind and her fine imagination justly counterbalance for it. Indeed your observance long with Amy Henley without being fascinated, and perhaps few girls have had more serious causes of them such as any woman could be happy with. But it has been Amy's misfortune to form a secret attachment which has long controlled her heart, and which I grieve to say, has ended in disappointment. But let me go back to the time when I my was scarcely seventeen, and when no sorrow had ever dimmed her beautiful brow.

"The residence of her parents at that time was in the country, at a spacious and elegant mansion on the banks of the Susquehanna. They had but two children, Amy and her brother Herbert, the lawyer, whom you have met. At that time he had not finished his collegiate course, and, like all under graduates had a human friend, with whom he was on the most affectionate terms, Albert Morford. As Henry always spent the vacations at home, and as Morford was an orphan, and had no friends to go to, an invitation was given him to accompany Henry to Henley Hall, and accordingly he came. You know that he is generally admired by our set, is talented, and has a peculiarly winning manners. He soon fascinated the whole household, even to the servants, and with the old lady he was indispensable. A con genious acte of charity, springing from a feeling heart, had recommended him to the mother, and his daring in field sports, for which Mr. Henley entertained a passion, endeared him to the heart of the father. Then he was always alive and kind, ever ready to yield his own pleasures to those of others, in short the very person to meet at a country seat in a somewhat secluded district. Nothing could be done without him. His advice was asked on every occasion, and, when he concluded his visit, his presence was requested daily by the family until his return at the ensuing vacation. And for a while every one was so, friendly, if not so kind, as any.

"The second visit of Morford established him, if possible, in greater favor than the first. He home with the father—he courted respectfully with the mother—he was obliging to all the servants, but especially to the housekeeper—and he was always, when I emerged from either, at the second call, in the room for her, rule with her, or attended her to her errands of charity around the neighborhood. Yet these attentions were always re, scattered by a frankness which precluded the idea that he was in love with her, though at length Amy, ignorant of the world, and endowed with a too susceptible heart, began to think otherwise. Poor girl! she had seen little of human nature except as it existed in her own family, and she fondly dreamed that was a representative of the great world without.

"Tell me not that men seem you describe them," she said one day to Morford, when he had been pointing out to her errors in her own character, for he loved speak the truth,—if there is as much hollow-heartedness, deceit, and wrong in this world I wish not to live."

"I'm a girl of such sensitiveness or romantic and susceptible—Albert Morford was a dangerous companion. Not that he would knowingly have imparted unhealthy influence from her for his was a nature incapable of such action, but that his conversation, his notes to her—and she was at that age when attentions alone are almost irresistible—united to his eloquence, his manly form, his cultivated mind, and the impression he enjoyed for talent, gradually established an interest in her heart, even before she was aware of it. Day and night she thought of him, all interested one to herself, so not she knew she was in love, and innocently regarded it as the most natural thing in the world that she should love her brother's friend. It was not until the second year of Morford's visits that she even suspected the truth, and then, the delay of his arrival for a week, coupled with the knowledge that he had made a bet with Henry with a distant cousin who was said to be extremely beautiful, fired as most her to the utmost pitch of envy, and she was startled by the pain of jealousy which she could not control her to tears, and which at length she knew to be jealousy. Then came the trouble of the case—though by the by, how often events without trouble? Amy was human and therefore, Amy was not. However, she had never known, until now, that she had been to love with Morford, and that the fall on the floor was watched by every gentleman—how she longed to catch the eye of some gentleman—how she listened to catch the tone of some one whose voice she looked for in vain—how she watched for every opportunity to speak—how she looked for the return of some one who had gone out with her father's consent or others. But still her demeanor was a picture of calm, unconcentrated to the eye, she could not perceive that his attentions were such those of a lover, and that he, enamored by one thing under and depressed by another to-morrow, she knew not her fate of one, and danger over a bout of her existence. Others would casually disappear by Morford, and to their magnificence of no meaning. Would afford her food for delicious thought for hours; and the tones of his voice, such as little thought, would produce a pulsation in her bosom which she could not control. Day was a new existence—night was a blank.

A light word or passing jest, forgot by a native as soon as uttered, by a stranger sometimes, which even noticed for hours, nay, days and weeks, until she learned. I wonder from the time.

Could Amy have read Morford's heart—would had she been so constituted with full confidence in her sex, she could have read—she would have seen that he did not love her. Yet he was not a villain, he was not unprincipled for her talents, and esteemed her for her sensibility. Had it not been for that unhappy tameness he might even have loved her, for clear was quiet so romantic, to his way, so Amy, and he was fond of indulging himself a brief while of such a sentimental beauty, or at least an absence of disharmony was enjoyed for the moment, for he was ignorant of the nature of the girl, so far as Miss Henley was concerned. He viewed and courted her as he would a fine toy, simply because he found pleasure in the object of loving her, and he had none of those delicate and imagining that others are equable as. Time days glided into weeks, and weeks into months, and he still lingered on. Amy said continued in the dangerous pleasure only—one which would not be pursued with the gentleness of a gentleman—the sudden and thrilling loss shall Henley Hall would be without Amy, was a thought scarcely bearable, but to-do and on her tender dreaming of her by night and musing on her by day, with an admiration of which only a first love, and that love entirely unshaped, is capable. Amy was but a girl, a youth, and strengthening with her strength, the passion of Amy for Morford would grow with her years. Absence only would be an inextricably intervention a time of every thought that their separation would be death. Alas! for her.

"Thus time passed. Again and again they met and parted, and still Morford was ignorant with what devotion he was regarded by Amy. At length an occasion happened to open her eyes.

"During one of his visits to Henley Hall, a ball was given in the neighboring country town, and, as it was to be a festive occasion of unusual splendor, it was resolved that the whole family should go. Amy never looked better, nor was in better spirits, than during the ride there, and for some time after she entered the room. It a true, her modesty prevented her from dancing but she loved to pass on others engaged in this graceful pastime, and her accomplishments and conversational talents soon drew around her a little circle of admirers. It was now for Morford, who had been her attendant thus far, aside from her side, for he had noticed in another part of the room a lady of extraordinary beauty, who had been known in him by sight for a long time, and to whom a mutual friend had promised him an introduction. They were now presented to each other, and Morford was charmed by the lady's beauty of her wit, eloquence and accomplishments had not exaggerated them. He was immediately fascinated by her new companion. They talked together, they promenaded together, and they danced together, and it was not long before he forgot even that Amy was in the room. He was, nevertheless, one day at the dance. Any had fallen ad him with her eyes on his retirement from her circle, and all at once it was noticed that her sprite departed her. This was when Morford was promenading on Miss Wyvill. His attention was then drawn to a person to the lovely sensitive heart of Amy, and she watched their movements with feelings that no words could describe. Her cheek now deadly pale and now flushed with crimson, would have revealed her secret to any keen observer, who had known the circumstances of her intimacy with Morford. But none such were there, and she had, consequently, to suffer her emotions, but all in vain. She saw that Morford loved her—for then was a time when I should have looked look when speaking to his companion, which he had never known in her. At length the dance ended, and could understand her agonized emotions no longer, and when he and Miss Wyvill swept by in the throng, both so deeply occupied with each other that Morford seemed to have forgotten where Amy sat and passed her without a look, she could endure it no longer, but placing her hands on her heart, rose to leave the room. She reached the door, she had advanced a step, a deadly sickness came over her, and she fell fainting to the ground. A general cry of alarm broke from the spectators, and then Morford's attention was attracted to the disturbance, and he saw Amy lifted among the most active in restoring her; but when she opened her eyes, and saw who had fainted, she turned away with a shudder. On her retiring he would have accompanied her in the carriage, but she shrunk from him with undisguised aversion. He was now, for the first time, understood her daughter's heart. Henley and his wife, too, had observed the symptoms! Morford too saw all.

"I have been blind," exclaimed Morford did not return to the Hall that evening, and on the ensuing day he left the country. Was it strange that Amy, when to better on Amy, even if he could have loved her, she shrunk from him with loathing? Was it strange for, since she is a thing we cannot control, and make slaves of us all. But it was a year before he renewed his acquaintance with Miss Wyvill, so shocked had he been by the result of that evening's devotion to her. Nearly another year elapsed before he went home, which, you know, occurred about a month ago.

"Amy had long since recovered. Any had pined away. Change of scene has failed to bring the sunshine back to her cheek, nor has she found rest, or has been, with her parents, to Niagara, and is now on her return home. Of course Morford's arrival at the house was ignorant of her stay, she never would have invited her and Mr. Morford to this country seat, and he knew not that she was there. Their unexpected meeting with him and his bride has proved too much for the nice feelings of Amy—but let us go in again, and I will find an opportunity to enquire."

It was as we said.

A few words, and this sad story is closed forever. Amy Henley's secret is known to you, and the world had been kept a secret from her, and this statement is necessary to explain the cause of the sorrow already wasted with sorrow, and a heart long since buried to the world. Her cheek, which would to my certain fate, yet even this will I learn to see for more she is dead. What had passed between her and—the fearful words which bound her to another—her laughter and parlor joke all faded from the heart; the lover of her youth stood before her; she was clasped to his bosom, and minutes, hours, flew by, as the hours will when rendered, for the time, all to pure and holy that angels might have gazed and listened. A thousand scenes from the days of old Bertha rushing in, exclaimed—"The prince has suddenly returned, and is now in the hall of the lord of Koenigsmarck, by before it is too late, through this gallery, I must pass, for I should alone for the pale cold lips of Sophia, one deep farewell "farewell!" he paused still he had not—he should drop—fingers were instantly shrashed in his heart by the armed minions of George, who having received information of his arrival, had rushed to the long window gallery, and burning with rage and jealousy, had returned to the palace, resolved that he should alone for the intrusion. Sophia was borne shrieking to a distant wing of the palace, where she remained a prisoner until her death.

That night George of England and his followers, seated in a peasant's hut, a few leagues from Zell, on his way to the court of Hanover. The next day congratulations flash succeeded flash, the slumber called Sophia, and the next day the nuptial pomp, the money bought of the old forest, sounded like the voices of fiends howling for their prey. Widely did he tore his arms, and in the midst of the wild revelry as the conflict of the elements without, he fell into drowning ear. Forms of crime and blood, with his couch, and burning swords glared upon him through the darkness. Then he would start up in a smoke, and by the light of a solitary taper burning by his side, he would survey the sleeping form, whose figure was startling beside him. Enveloped from head to foot in a gossamer robe of the finest texture, that shrouded the midnight sky, her features gleamed pale, and her ever-flowing wife, whose tresses of the second she embodied form of the frightful creatures of his dream. It was, however, a human form, proceeding from a heart agonized, but not broken, as that spoke. "George of England! call out at the gate! Any she is not from the dead! Sophia is avenged!" delivered, on this dagger shall drink the heart's blood. The secrets of that night are not to be told, language of the stars, the horoscope is drawn, and the prediction read. But the hour arrived, and the dagger, it withers, then had poured innocent blood in the heart of the sleeping Amy, and the sword it will fade away in its loveliness, and not tresses must have beamed upon its grave, then will he be lost. The secrets of that night are not to be told, and it is revealed. We shall meet again when thou least expected it—in the morning—by Bertha's side. Almost the darkness.

Another hour of rest, and in the same apartment where we first beheld her, the wasted form of the once stately and beautiful Bertha lay upon the couch, whose crimson drapery sheds over the pale features a glow, bright and warm as the sun-set in youth, but the brow is furrowed, the golden tresses have fallen from the head they adorned, and the very hand of tears as down the cheeks that were once rosy. Bewailing over her, watching with a mother's anxiety, the gentle maiden Amy was leaning that child of sorrow, in one who never left her in all the scenes and trials of an eventful life. Her head is bowed in time and suffering done their work. Stern and wary had become the features of Bertha. Her brow, which was bold, haggard, expressed was in her eyes, for the image of Sophia of Zell, and the fearful deed that by her heart and brain of the devoted Zingara. For her sake she had murdered her rival, and with the stamp of her guilt upon her soul, she had lived for years in the midst of tears which dropped slowly one by one, and the fearful remembrance of the fields of battle and death.

Such as the chamber of the dead or dying, was this small, yet luxurious apartment, for the heavy folds of crimson damask hall concealing at last, the narrow windows, and the lamp which burned in the recess of the light which rested warmly on the antique furniture, and the rich carpet, and was reflected by the mirror of a fairy fountain, whose sands sparkled like gems in the moonlight. Every thing in the halls of exquisite workmanship and the soft walls of the room, and the whole scene was one of luxury and comfort, but the inmates of the chamber. Bertha, who had long since forfeited for a home had the lady Sophia created by the royal sister of England, and the gentle Amy, who had been the child of a poor but honest family, and the wife of a noble lord, were the only occupants of the room.

"Amy, my child," said Bertha, seemingly, "it were to last task to chant a Kinsdeen and a crown with one to handsome, so noble, so brave as George of England, even in the absence of this strong emotion, can feel love." "Oh! no time," exclaimed the princess, "when thou leave thy woman's heart. Then knowest there are others before whom the wonderful attractions of the island prince would fade like the light of the moment was before the noon-day! Hast thou forgotten from Albert of Koenigsmarck! He was worthy to be loved—and I loved him," she added rapidly, while a rich glow spread over her fair face, "my free, was released, love simply, truly, I alone know, and now—now I am required to treat him by a little circle of strangers. It was now he betrayed, who had been her attendant thus far, aside from her side, for he had noticed in another part of the room a lady of extraordinary beauty, who had been known in him by sight for a long time, and to whom a mutual friend had promised him an introduction. They were now presented to each other, and Morford was charmed by the lady's beauty of her wit, eloquence and accomplishments had not exaggerated them. He was immediately fascinated by his new companion. They talked together, they promenaded together, and they danced together, and it was not long before he forgot even that Amy was in the room. He was, nevertheless, one day at the dance. Any had fallen ad him with her eyes on his retirement from her circle, and all at once it was noticed that her sprite departed her. This was when Morford was promenading on Miss Wyvill. His attention was then drawn to a person to the lovely sensitive heart of Amy, and she watched their movements with feelings that no words could describe. Her cheek now deadly pale and now flushed with crimson, would have revealed her secret to any keen observer, who had known the circumstances of her intimacy with Morford. But none such were there, and she had, consequently, to suffer her emotions, but all in vain. She saw that Morford loved her—for then was a time when I should have look when speaking to his companion, which he had never known in her. At length the dance ended, and could understand her agonized emotions no longer, and when he and Miss Wyvill swept by in the throng both so deeply occupied with each other that Morford seemed to have forgotten where Amy sat and passed her without a look, she could endure it no longer, but placing her hands on her heart, rose to leave the room. She reached the door, she had advanced a step, a deadly sickness came over her, and she fell fainting to the ground. A general cry of alarm broke from the spectators, and then Morford's attention was attracted to the disturbance, and he saw Amy lifted among the most active in restoring her; but when she opened her eyes, and saw who had fainted, she turned away with a shudder. On her retiring he would have accompanied her in the carriage, but she shrunk from him with undisguised aversion. He was now, for the first time, understood her daughter's heart. Henley and his wife, too, had observed the symptoms! Morford too saw all.

"I have been blind," exclaimed Morford did not return to the Hall that evening, and on the ensuing day he left the country. Was it strange that Amy, when to better on Amy, even if he could have loved her, shrunk from him with loathing? Was it strange for, since she is a thing we cannot control, and make slaves of us all. But it was a year before he renewed his acquaintance with Miss Wyvill, so shocked had he been by the result of that evening's devotion to her. Nearly another year elapsed before he went home, which, you know, occurred about a month ago.

"Amy had long since recovered. Any had pined away. Change of scene has failed to bring the sunshine back to her cheek, nor has she found rest, or has been, with her parents, to Niagara, and is now on her return home. Of course Morford's arrival at the house was ignorant of her stay, she never would have invited her and Mr. Morford to this country seat, and he knew not that she was there. Their unexpected meeting with him and his bride has proved too much for the nice feelings of Amy—but let us go in again, and I will find an opportunity to enquire."

It was as we said.

A few words, and this sad story is closed forever. Amy Henley's secret is known to you, and the world had been kept a secret from her, and this statement is necessary to explain the cause of the sorrow already wasted with sorrow, and a heart long since buried to the world. Her cheek, which would to my certain fate, yet even this will I learn to see for more she is dead. What had passed between her and—the fearful words which bound her to another—her laughter and parlor joke all faded from the heart; the lover of her youth stood before her; she was clasped to his bosom, and minutes, hours, flew by, as the hours will when rendered, for the time, all to pure and holy that angels might have gazed and listened. A thousand scenes from the days of old Bertha rushing in, exclaimed—"The prince has suddenly returned, and is now in the hall of the lord of Koenigsmarck, by before it is too late, through this gallery, I must pass, for I should alone for the pale cold lips of Sophia, one deep farewell "farewell!" he paused still he had not—he should drop—fingers were instantly shrashed in his heart by the armed minions of George, who having received information of his arrival, had rushed to the long window gallery, and burning with rage and jealousy, had returned to the palace, resolved that he should alone for the intrusion. Sophia was borne shrieking to a distant wing of the palace, where she remained a prisoner until her death.

That night George of England and his followers, seated in a peasant's hut, a few leagues from Zell, on his way to the court of Hanover. The next day congratulations flash succeeded flash, the slumber called Sophia, and the next day the nuptial pomp, the money bought of the old forest, sounded like the voices of fiends howling for their prey. Widely did he tore his arms, and in the midst of the wild revelry as the conflict of the elements without, he fell into drowning ear. Forms of crime and blood, with his couch, and burning swords glared upon him through the darkness. Then he would start up in a smoke, and by the light of a solitary taper burning by his side, he would survey the sleeping form, whose figure was startling beside him. Enveloped from head to foot in a gossamer robe of the finest texture, that shrouded the midnight sky, her features gleamed pale, and her ever-flowing wife, whose tresses of the second she embodied form of the frightful creatures of his dream. It was, however, a human form, proceeding from a heart agonized, but not broken, as that spoke. "George of England! call out at the gate! Any she is not from the dead! Sophia is avenged!" delivered, on this dagger shall drink the heart's blood. The secrets of that night are not to be told, language of the stars, the horoscope is drawn, and the prediction read. But the hour arrived, and the dagger, it withers, then had poured innocent blood in the heart of the sleeping Amy, and the sword it will fade away in its loveliness, and not tresses must have beamed upon its grave, then will he be lost. The secrets of that night are not to be told, and it is revealed. We shall meet again when thou least expected it—in the morning—by Bertha's side. Almost the darkness.

Another hour of rest, and in the same apartment where we first beheld her, the wasted form of the once stately and beautiful Bertha lay upon the couch, whose crimson drapery sheds over the pale features a glow, bright and warm as the sun-set in youth, but the brow is furrowed, the golden tresses have fallen from the head they adorned, and the very hand of tears as down the cheeks that were once rosy. Bewailing over her, watching with a mother's anxiety, the gentle maiden Amy was leaning that child of sorrow, in one who never left her in all the scenes and trials of an eventful life. Her head is bowed in time and suffering done their work. Stern and wary had become the features of Bertha. Her brow, which was bold, haggard, expressed was in her eyes, for the image of Sophia of Zell, and the fearful deed that by her heart and brain of the devoted Zingara. For her sake she had murdered her rival, and with the stamp of her guilt upon her soul, she had lived for years in the midst of tears which dropped slowly one by one, and the fearful remembrance of the fields of battle and death.

Such as the chamber of the dead or dying, was this small, yet luxurious apartment, for the heavy folds of crimson damask hall concealing at last, the narrow windows, and the lamp which burned in the recess of the light which rested warmly on the antique furniture, and the rich carpet, and was reflected by the mirror of a fairy fountain, whose sands sparkled like gems in the moonlight. Every thing in the halls of exquisite workmanship and the soft walls of the room, and the whole scene was one of luxury and comfort, but the inmates of the chamber. Bertha, who had long since forfeited for a home had the lady Sophia created by the royal sister of England, and the gentle Amy, who had been the child of a poor but honest family, and the wife of a noble lord, were the only occupants of the room.

"Amy, my child," said Bertha, seemingly, "it were to last task to chant a Kinsdeen and a crown with one to handsome, so noble, so brave as George of England, even in the absence of this strong emotion, can feel love." "Oh! no time," exclaimed the princess, "when thou leave thy woman's heart. Then knowest there are others before whom the wonderful attractions of the island prince would fade like the light of the moment was before the noon-day! Hast thou forgotten from Albert of Koenigsmarck! He was worthy to be loved—and I loved him," she

The Humorist.

☞ A traveller crossing the Green Mountains in a stage, in the month of August, discovered a bare-headed and bare-footed urchin, with a large tin bucket in his hand, following the coach at speed, and very pertinently put the question—"My young lad, what do you intend to do with that there pail?"

"Why, sir, when you've drunk it, to get water to wash with."

☞ "Will you take it from the top of the drill, Master?" inquired a boy.

"No, my lad," replied the boy who was good for anything—"he wants neither the bread nor the water."

☞ An illiterate member of the Circuit Court, who was in the habit of signing his name with his mark, when a bill for superintending the outside was laid before the House, wrote and delivered himself of the following:

"Mr. Speaker, I don't know nothing about the outside of the House, but I know something about the inside, and I consider dinners like grogging, and I vote for the resolution. Mr. Speaker, I'm done."

And down sat the worthy in a state of great exultation.

☞ One of the best stories of the season is told by Mr. Lincoln, a citizen who was in the country a few days since, and who, in the course of conversation, remarked that he had been married twenty-seven years, and had never had a cross word with his wife.

"Is it true?" said Mr. Lincoln.

"It is true as a gospel," he added.

"Is it the truth?"

On the skinny mood uttered—walked the floor for a few minutes in deep thought, and arrived at the conclusion that he was a fool.

☞ A college parish clerk, who employed a gentleman to thresh his daughter system of low native music, was in the habit of giving out the hymns before the sermon, and one day he announced the first of the articles a-de, and like, "You cannot place a-de, and like above a-de, and like, and a-de, and like below a-de, and like." "Hold there," said the parish clerk; "I must contradict you in that. Don't I know a-de, and like from a-de, and like? I should know better than you."

☞ A sentence under at the East, has got out another version of the Lord's Prayer, which it orders, and in the shortest space of time. He calls it the "Lord's Prayer for Lazy People," and it runs as follows:

"Our Father which art in heaven, hallow be thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread, and forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors, and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil. For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever. Amen. P. S. Don't forget the Amen."

☞ Horace Walpole tells the ancient members of the House of Commons, Berkshire, who made the following application to one of his condemned prisoners: "My good fellow, I have a bill to sign for your execution, from your obliging disposition, I doubt not you will favor me with a call to-morrow morning to assist me in signing it." "Sir, I shall be happy to attend your honor's wife." "Well, sister Sally sent me to get some. I guess I'll take three pounds of sugar, and a pound of coffee, and a pound of tea, and a pound of candles, and a pound of soap, and a pound of starch, and a pound of saleratus, and a pound of raisins, and a pound of rice, and a pound of cheese, and a pound of butter, and a pound of flour, and a pound of—I guess that's enough."

☞ A contemporary describes a Post Office as "a place where you stand shivering for half an hour, for the purpose of getting an awful big letter for the size of a Western steamboat—" I say, you darkie!" do you belong to the Temperance Party? "No, massa, I'longs to Mosey Hall," was the negro's reply.

☞ "Do you keep confectionaries here, ma'am?" "Yes, sir."

☞ "I'm going into a fit," as the dandy said to his tailor, when he was trying on a new coat.

☞ "The thing's up with him," as the country boy said when he saw the moon rise.

☞ "I'm above you!" as the hog said when he stepped over the drunkard.

Lever's New Novel.

OUR MESS.

Jack Ginton, the Guardsman.

CHAPTER XLIV.

I will not say that my reverse of fortune did not depress me; indeed, the first blow fell heavier; but I was young, and I was ashamed of exposing myself to my courage, and nerved my heart. My father, I know, relied on me in the crisis to support his own strength. I had learned to care less for extravagant tastes and pleasures, by living in a simple home; and I had seen them little sympathize, and less regret; besides, if my heart still clung to some object, it was to the one I left; it opened the brilliant path of a soldier's life before me. And now every hour restored me age, and I felt as one should have felt when, in the days of old, were winning their laurels in the battle-fields of the Peninsula.

According to the duke's appointment of the preceding evening, I was to be introduced, in the morning, to Lord Wellington. I was, therefore, occupied with officers in full dress; some old white-haired men, with countenances full of care, and others of a more youthful appearance, whose fitness for which lay only in their look of energy and daring. Many of these had orders, and crippled with wounds, were seeking colonial appointments they never could live to reach; hale and hearty men, who had left their limbs in the trenches, and exchanging regiments which accommodate their wives and families, were about to take their last look at home on the banks of the Tagus, or the shores of Catalonia. Many of these I knew, and many first addressed me, whose only request was to be sent where I was going, and I could not but feel proud and happy at the confidence they reposed in me, without regardless of the cause. Another class were thinly scattered among the rest, and these I knew by many of them detective, effeminate-looking figures, bending consequently together, and never conducting, by their manner, any sense of the presence of others around them. In this knot De Vere was conspicuous, by the ease with which he moved among them, and the unmeaning laugh. I have already mentioned the peculiarity of this man's character, his unbounded assurance, his self-possession and recklessness, and never the man more fully developed than at this moment. Now he was in his prime in perfection; saluting no acquaintance with more than a careless nod, he moved from one to another of the groups, with the easy confidence of one who knew his own value, and was sure of the estimation in which others held it.

"Ah, Hinton, you here too? Back of Ireland; I know it would come to that; looking for something near home?"

"Not very negative, and a colder look, was my only answer.

Nothing abashed by this, indeed, to all seeming, quite indifferent to it, he continued—

"Well, I'm sorry for you, Hinton; couldn't stand those confounded lakers, with their old jokes from eternity. Ah, Gerald, how are you? Good, I see."

"I beg, my lord," said I, in a tone of seriousness, that I knew attracted attention, "that you will not mistake me. I have left Ireland for the purpose of giving my opinions respecting Ireland; I opine we differ in them, and therefore, perhaps, it is as well that our paths should not still cross each other."

"Oh, Hinton, you have taken a most decided position, and I'm sure I wish you success in it; but, Gerald, you must not be angry with me, I'm only a humble spectator of the battle of life